



BERRY & WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN., THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1853.

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Two Dollars for one Year if paid at the time of subscription; **Two Dollars** and Fifty Cents, without deviation, after the expiration of Three Months.

All Bills for Advertisements, Job Work or Subscriptions, considered due when contracted, excepting those with whom we have Running Accounts.

No Paper will be sent out of the County, unless paid for in advance.

Advertisements inserted at **One Dollar** per Square of Twelve Lines, or Less, for the First Insertion; **Fifty Cents** for each continuance.

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Loss Work, of all kinds, neatly done, on new Type, and on as reasonable Terms as any Office in Tennessee.

No Paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the option of the Publisher.

CARRIERS ADDRESS

OF

The Fayetteville Observer.

Alas, nature wears an aspect dear,
As closing of the vernal year;
And while we welcome in the new
With kindly wishes from the new,
Only and alone the landscape still
Is homeless of our good or ill;
But we must bide our chance to-day,
And bid adieu to light and day;
Enjoy the moment as it flies,
This world is all that's left to us;
The friends of olden times
Live only now in memory's shrine;
The May pole and the May-day queen,
The merry dances on the green,
Add to our memory's festive day;
When lightly passed the hours away—
But that was not the world we knew,
To know the world of to-day,
And see that he was made
For speculation and for trade.

In olden times, long, long ago,
From tale and history we know,
The books were rare and costly found,
And writing something very good,
With all they could print by eye,
The tones of music and song,
And seldom did they understand
On higher themes than hearts in spend,
Precious and costly was the store
Of gay romance, and lighter lore;
But worst of all—unhappy men,
They didn't have the Observer then,
Erequisite and want, whether befit,
What mattered—there were none to tell
And dire events might then befall,
Unknown to half the world besides,
They had no paper, as I said;
They might as well have been dead,
For when a poor man wished to make
A little stir, for mischief's sake,
Or felt some indignity done,
To speak a line of his mind,
And keep himself quiet and still,
In these dark days—luckily lived,
They had of it all themselves
To proper persons, which they knew
Was precious, and a thing to love,
But Doctor Faustus, with his aid,
As some have shamelessly said,
Of an old gentleman of note,
Whose name 'tis not polite to quote,
Invented printing, and since then
How bliss has been the state of men!
And grateful should we be to Fate,
For this our most enlight'ning state,
When learning reached its highest stage,
And newspapers and all the rage,
Keeping the mass in view,
That every thing in print is true,
These facilities are display,
The history of the passing day;
Each circumstance related over,
All that takes place, and something more;
And as for speed, you've often heard
Of things before them have occurred,
And there within the self-same page
You see the wisdom of the sage,
The poet's lay, or you are told
Where goods for nothing will be sold;
Besides all sorts of information,
To instruct and entertain the nation,
If we have made within the year
A few remarks, that seemed severe,
To our unfortunate Whig foes,
You cannot doubt but it arose
From all the charges we drew,
From all the things our kindly zeal
They'd mend their ways and take a station,
Like ours—reformers of the nation.

Kind reader, as we still intend
The manner of the world to mend;
Teach men the way that they should go,
And when they leave it, let them know—
For all the favors which we mention,
We sure deserve your kind attention:
And Christmas tokens, too, from all
We favor with a weekly call—
To all a "merry Christmas day,"
And for the Observer, we will say,
It shall be—can we promise more?
What it has always been before!

The Old Doctor's Story.

The stars burned with a lustre peculiar to the autumn skies; a clear, mild atmosphere gave a most refreshing elasticity to my spirits, and I wandered from home, I scarcely knew why, and found myself, after a leisure walk, near the old fashioned burial ground of Dallowill village. I was a happy man—I was really and professionally an "M. D."—What directed my steps to the lovely rural burial ground, I cannot now tell, but as surely as I live, I now believe some mysterious agency shaped my course. The gate was open, the walks glittered in the strong light, the shadows leaned down from the trees and frescoed the smooth gravel with quaint tracery, the buds and flowers grew in dark masses upon the gently curved mounds—I knew they were flowers, for their fragrance betrayed them—seeming to whisper in their silent language, to the beautiful dead below. In my youth, I was fond of symbolizing; everything inanimate had its type in some ideal or oriental fancy; this evening I felt like a poet.

I sauntered carelessly along the side where a hawthorn hedge twined its firm tendrils together, dragging my cane after me, musing in careless reverie. Suddenly I paused; Judge L's beautiful lot was directly before me—its little silver fountain bubbling up and breaking up into white globules, that glistened like hoar frost. Here I leaned by a huge elm and closed my eyes, as the wild magic breathing of a flute, skillfully touched, came upon me. I think that was the most blessed hour of my existence; for, mingling with that plaintive melody, came a bright, gentle face, with sparkling eyes, and cheeks just crimsoned enough to resemble two pale rose leaves flushing the purest snow. Oh! how I loved that sweet May Kendall! I idolized her, and egotist that I was, fancied that my unspoken passion was returned. But I will not linger in those few moments, I was pouring my very soul into the heart that I fondly fancied as youth will sometimes, was in a kind of spiritual presence, ever beside me.

My reverie was broken by the approach of a stranger, and a slight, silvery laugh shut out the music of the flute—for it was so like May's—so ringing, so joyous. Presently, as the fine, manly form drew nearer, I recognized the features of one who had been my college mate, two years before. I would have sprung forward to meet him; his name was trembling on my lips, when a sight arrested my attention that chilled my blood, and my teeth chattered with a sudden and freezing fear! The two had come almost beside me and there stood, charmed with the little sylvan spot; the lady held her hat by the string, one arm passed confidently through that of her companion; and when she turned her radiant face around towards me—who was concealed by the shadow—I recognized in the full flood of moonlight, May Kendall. I do not like, even at this late day to review the feelings that shook my frame when I heard them murmur such words of tenderness to each other, in subdued and happy tones; a deadly faintness came over me, as I gathered from their lips the knowledge that they were betrothed; and when that passed off, a fierce revenge sent the blood boiling through my veins.

Once, I would have leaped upon him and demanded my May, my love, without whom my life would be a curse, and the world a dread blank. But then, by what right could I call her mine? True, she had been kind to me, but never more than her maid-

en modesty might well beseech her conduct. Now I knew—God forgive me for the rage that tugged at my heart-strings as I thought it—why she had talked of Frederick; oh! fool that I was, not to comprehend; she smiled upon me because I was her friend—because I had ever some sweet recollection to tell, some coming virtue to praise, and blinded by my own blindness, if I may so speak, I fancied she loved me.

How did I command myself enough—still to stand motionless, even till I learned the day and the hour that the wedding would take place, for every nerve in my body seemed changed to an instrument of torture. Fortunately, they did not pass me, but retraced their steps; and I, bending low, with an almost breaking heart, slowly left the pleasant graveyard, and walked towards my home, too wretched to think or tell the crushing weight of my disappointment.

The next day, before sunrise, I was on my way to a neighboring city; I was in a strange tumult; I knew not but would prove fatal to me; I was ready for almost any desperate deed, and had more than once contemplated self-destruction; but I called philosophy, nay, something higher, holier, to my aid; religion; and in time I became soothed, if not comforted—that is, after I knew May was irrevocably married.

Two months passed, I deemed myself fortified sufficiently, with good resolutions, to return home to my chosen place of residence. It was noon, when I droye up the main street; a carriage at that moment dashed by me, a light vehicle; in another moment it had turned, and Frederick was abreast. I involuntarily drew my reins—his face denoted some agitation.

"For God's sake, Dr. Lane, my early friend—do not stop till you reach Mrs. Kendall's! My May lies there sick, dying!" he gasped, turning ashy pale. My face blanched; I felt a kind of tremor, we dashed on, without speaking, and in fifteen minutes I stood by the couch of the bride. That was an awful hour, thus spent; at its close, I pressed down its white eyelids over her dull, glazed eyes—Ah! heaven, thought I, how can such beauty be dead? And still, for all, there was a triumph at my heart—until I beheld the awful grief of the husband, and saw the big drops like blood, bead his broad, white forehead; and almost forced him from the innimate body, that he would hold clasped to his bosom, kissing the white lip, the whiter cheek, even the golden locks that lay damp and uncurled over her shoulders.

When I left the house of mourning, I felt it not strange the calmness I felt, settling down over my spirit? Could this thought even in its faintest tracery, swell through my mind at such a time—she is not mine, and neither is she his; I am glad that as she could not be mine only, none but death can claim her now? I fear, that had conscience applied her torch, she would have read those scathing words written on the crimson portals of my heart; I must hasten.

The next day, I went over to be present at the funeral services; and still I felt that sorrowful happiness—Poor Frederick was at times raving, then stupid with his great woe. The mourners assembled; the beautiful dead lay robed in satin, in her coffin; and already the large parlor was filled with weeping friends. I took my station by the coffin; with unutterable tenderness did I gaze upon that heavenly countenance—it looked not like stern death, but soft, smiling slumber.

There were all her young companions around—village maidens, whose silvery voices joined in a solemn burial song; but oh! how those voices wavered and trembled, until tears and sobs choked down their music, and one mournful heart-rending wail sounded through the room. The pastor arose and began his prayer; never heard I a more affecting petition; how gently he spoke of her youth, her beauty and goodness: the circumstances under which God

was pleased to call her, just as it were standing on the threshold of life, and looking through to the rose-colored future. I still kept my place by the coffin; my eyes full of tears, never moved from that holy place.

I fancied the features grew dim; I thought my sight faded, and I bent closer to the corpse, I drew back, wiped my eyes—looked again, God of mercy, what thrill sent a wild shock through my frame and smote my brain as with fire! I reeled; I fell over almost upon the coffin; there was a moisture upon the glass, moisture that came not off when I applied my hand; moisture on the inside—My knees trembled, my heart beat against my body, I swayed like a pendulum; all my serenity was gone, the voice of the pastor whistled in my ear; each moment was an hour; and yet I knew not what to do. The conflict came again—it was awful, awful. If I kept my silence, she was still the bride of death, and as much mine as another's; if I spoke, she was again the wife of my rival. I did not think of my emotions now—I could not have been myself when that horrible temptation beset me, and whispered me to let the dark grave have her, if I might not. Oh! that was the great sin of my life; I hope I am forgiven.

The perspiration swelled out from every pore, but the agony was passed; I could have throttled the pastor that he did not cease—yet I feared for the life of the poor husband, if he knew the truth too suddenly; there was a tingling from my head to my fingers' ends, I shook like an aspen leaf.

Amen! oh, how I thanked God for that sound; I still clung to the coffin; I was weak; weak as a child. It was the custom for the chief mourners to be called first, that they might be spared the shock of seeking the dear one borne out before their eyes. The poor husband tottered out, supported on each side; do you not think my feeling must have been singular, as he passed me?—next the sobbing mother. Now was the time, "friends, neighbors," I gasped, "call the sexton, take off the coffin lid, for God's sake, delay not a moment, she is not dead." I shrieked than said the last words.

Oh! such a change that came over that assembly! many swayed, a crowd came rushing up to the coffin; I pressed them back; the hand of the undertaker trembled, and as screeled after screeled, fell rattling on the floor; my heart beat quicker with hope and fear. The lid was thrown aside; in my arms was the fair creature borne to her couch; as I returned a moment, I saw her only sister standing as if riveted to the floor; her cheeks ghastly, her eyes staring frightfully. I seized her by the arm, but she stirred not; shook her rudely, saying, "Unless you help me, Maria, she may perhaps really die, quick; come and cut off her grave clothes; she must not see them—must not know this." With a wild, unnatural burst of laughter, the girl aroused herself from her stupor; then, as suddenly, a flood of tears came to her relief; all was right now, she followed me into the next chamber, and untied the white satin ribbons from the delicate wrists, unloosed the linen bands on the breast, so by the time the young bride opened her eyes, she was lying as if she had sought her couch for pleasant slumber.

And now the most terrible excitement over, I breathed freely; and yet another important task was to be accomplished; by my orders the poor husband had been briefly informed that the ceremony would be detained for a moment; he was so distracted with his grief that all news was alike to him—they led him where they liked; he sat in a little room, just across the entry. I went in, closed the door and stood behind him—he glanced up once, then buried his face in his hands with a deep, unearthly groan, that went to my very soul—Oh! I felt for the first time such exquisite joy in the performance of a good deed—I experienced a new love

for my profession. "Frederick," said I, placing my arm around his neck, "Frederick, there is some good yet in store for you; do not mourn in this way, Frederick."

"I am a broken hearted man," he uttered in faltering accents; "do not strive to comfort me, you only increase my misery."

"But if I could give you comfort you little dream of it; if—if I told you—I—I stammered, and I knew not how to proceed, for the husband's wild eyes were fastened on my face, while he half rose with a strange, quick movement.

"If what—if what, Doctor Lane? old what am I to think?" his voice trembled; "there is something in my heart that bids me look to you, for hope now? Yet why, why?" and the words sank mournfully into silence. "Did you ever hear of people falling into trances, and then when robbed for the burial?"

I could proceed no further; the excited man sprang from his seat, clenched his hands, and with fire in his eyes, incoherently exclaimed: "What—how—dead?—in a trance? laid out?—buried?—shut up?—alive—alive? Great God merciful God! you do not tell me that she—my May, whom I saw die—who gasped in my arms—on this bosom—bade me farewell—grew white and cold—no, no, you mock me!"

"Frederick," said I, while the tears rained down my cheeks, "your wife still lives—she was only in a trance." Never shall I forget the ensuing scene; he threw his arms around me; hugged me like one frantic. "God bless you! Heaven bless you! Oh! doctor, I shall die of this excess of joy! lead me to her; where is she, my friend? when these eyes looked upon her for the last time? Oh! but no, Doctor, this is too beautiful, too good; let me see her, I will be calm; and, doctor," he exclaimed, grasping my arms with his shaking fingers, "I would almost give you my life for this, I would, I would; I could not have survived long—you cannot tell how dearly I loved her. Dear doctor, God bless you!"

He did not even dream, poor fellow, that he had been my rival. The mother hung over her child—the husband bent over his bride—full of thanksgiving; she, with her large blue eyes, moving fondly from one to the other, as she whispered, "I am better, stronger, I shall soon be well again; I have been sick very long, have I not?"

Frederick kissed her pure brow in reply, and then hid his face in the pillow, to weep in silence—and then I left them, a happier being, a better man, and happier and better I have been ever since.

May and her husband still live—a fond, beautiful pair, even now. I am an old bachelor.

A WIFE'S PRAYER.—We do not assume that we recognize that which is truly beautiful in all that makes humanity approach to the divine; but if there is anything that comes nearer the inspiration of Ruth to Naomi than the subjoined, we have not seen it:

"Bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and a comforter unto him, a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows; meet helper for him in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity, and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other, according to thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever."

Texas.
We give the following letter from an experienced planter, in Montgomery county, Texas, for the information of those wishing to emigrate to that State:

DEAR SIR:—I wrote you a letter a few weeks since and gave an account of my crop, and promised to write you again and give you further information of my progress.

The cotton crops in this section of country are so fine, so much finer than in Ga., that I almost fear to write the truth. I cultivated what were called good lands in Georgia and Alabama, but must candidly confess I never saw such corn and cotton as I have grown this year. The leaves of my cotton have been stripped more than a month since by caterpillars, and the rows of the cotton have the appearance of so many snow banks. I have been seriously set back in picking my cotton by the rains, and yet I shall gather about a bale to the acre. The low est bolls I have lost by the inclemency of the weather, which caused them to sprout. Notwithstanding this we have all had excellent health in this country. There have been none of us sick, except one case of chill and fever, and that very light. There is scarcely a county in Georgia that will begin to compare in health with this county. We have infinitely better health in Texas than we ever had before. Among the whites and blacks there is great improvement. We have three years residence in this country to establish the fact, that our continued good health is not accidental. That the breezes of the seaboard and prairie must have done something to produce this change, there can be no doubt.

I will speak of the cotton again. I wrote you that on the 27th of August, my son measured an acre and picked the cotton off of it, and got 800 lbs. At the second picking of the acre, a few days since, he gathered 2100 lbs. making at two pickings 2900 lbs.—He thinks he has made a bale and a half to the acre on his whole farm. Another son sold out his farm a few months since, and realized four thousand dollars profit upon the sale.—There is a vast difference between the prices of plantations and wild lands. We give one dollar per acre in the woods, and the same is selling at from four to five dollars if cleared and cultivated.

I must say something of my corn crop, as I stated to you before that I intended to measure to see how much I should make to the acre.—Not having open lands enough I rented 27 acres, adjoining my farm. It is the same quality of land as mine. I was very particular in measuring it, a few days since, to ascertain precisely the productive power of my lands. I got an aggregate of 1883 bushels, or 62 bushels to the acre. This throws your boasted Georgia river lands in the shade. You must come to Texas, or you will never be able to compete with Texas planting. This is a fine season for immigrants to come to Texas. Corn is selling in the Houston market at 30 cents per bushel. One of my neighbors offers his corn at 37½ cents, but can't find any one who will give it.

"What do you think of platonic love?" said a young lady. "Matian, it is like all other tonics, very exciting," replied the gentleman.

Patrick Kelly announces in an advertisement that he "will climb a pole forty feet high feet foremost with the bark off on a wager."

Instead of regretting that we are sometimes deceived, we should rather lament that we are ever undecided.

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure you put it where you can find it.

One of the heaviest things to be on the human mind is a late supper of cold potatoes.

Bashful Men.

BY MRS. DENNISON.

I never saw a genuinely bashful man who was not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth, with ease, the thoughts that they would express, yet commend them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their characters that time will mellow and bring out; perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint in the unfolding rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow stream-let.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated, that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects, will reward the gallant Sir Mountachio Brainless with smiles and attentions, because he can fold a shawl gracefully, and banter compliments with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worthiest man who feels for them a reverence so great that every mute glance is worship.

The man who is bashful in the presence of ladies, is their defender when the loose tongue of the slanderer would defame them; it is not he who boasts of conquest or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist in his imagination alone; his cheek will flush with resentment, his eye flash with anger to hear the name of women coupled with a coarse oath; and yet he who would die to defend them, is least honored by the majority of our sex.

Who ever heard of a bashful libertine? The anomaly was never seen. Ease and elegance are his requisites; upon his lips sit flattery, ready to play court alike to blue eyes and black—he is never nonplussed, he never blushes. For a glance he is in raptures; for a word he would professedly lay down his life. Yet it is he who fills our vile city dens with wrecks of female purity; it is he who profanes the holy name of mother; desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is thronged; ruins the heart that trusts in him; pollutes the very air he breathes, and all under the mask of a polished gentleman.

Ladies, a word in your ears; have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose sense of duty and deportment—whose sense of your worth leads him to stand aloof, while others crowd around you. If he blishes, stammers even at your approach, consider them so many signs of exalted opinions of your sex; if he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance, for depend upon it, with him your life will be happier with poverty, than with many another surrounded by the splendor of palaces.—*Olivia Branch.*

EXPENSIVE BOARDING.—In an article relating to the Metropolitan Hotel, the "Ingle-side" says:

"In the matter of prices, few pay less than \$25 a week; and one foreign emissary, who has taken rooms for the season, is paying at the rate of \$30 per day, besides a very liberal expenditure for the very choicest of antique wines. One gentleman pays \$50 per week. The bills of others amount to \$200, \$250, and \$300 per week. The brilliant chamber is constantly occupied at the rate of \$20 per day."

More people are turned away, than are received—and rooms there are taken by letter and telegraph, for weeks in advance. The proprietors should have procured a supply of the wines sold last week in this city, (says the Baltimore Clipper) at \$15 per bottle. They could no doubt retail them to their customers for a dollar a drop; as those who would pay the rates named for board, would not hesitate to indulge in wine at that price. A fool and his money is soon parted.